

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 8.—VOL. XX.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1808.

No. 98

EDWARD WALWIN.

An American Tale.

Continued.

THE figure paused, and then suddenly vanished, leaving them bewildered in doubt and perplexity.

By this time the horses had reached the house, which they surrounded; and their riders knocking loudly at the door, demanded immediate admittance: the old man rose, and having hurried on his clothes, opened the door. A party rushed in, whilst the rest remained at their posts. Having struck a light, they began to search the house: some of them ascending into the room where our travellers lodged, found them already dressed, and immediately seized them. Mr. Norton demanded the reason of this outrage; when one of them answered—"D—n you, you'll know when Jack Ketch gets you into his clutches." Edward would have resented this brutal language, had not Mr. Norton whispered him to be quiet. One of the men called to those below, saying, "we have got the villains!" Immediately a person came up stairs, who upon entering the room, exclaimed, "Mr. Norton?" These are not the men we seek, said he, addressing his companions. Mr. Norton soon discovered this person to be a gentleman with whom he had a slight acquaintance and enquired of him what was the occasion of this tumult. The gentleman informed him in a few words, that two robbers had plundered him some time ago; that accidentally meeting and recognizing them yesterday, he had followed them unperceived, until he saw them enter this house, and had now brought a body of armed men to take them. Mr. Norton in return informed the gentleman of what had befallen himself and Edward, and the observations he had made in the house, omitting, however, the figure which they had seen. They all now joined in searching the house, but they could discover nothing that would serve to implicate the inhabitants in the robbery. The three females, during the whole procedure, ran about the house, crying, and making a thousand extravagant and unnatural gestures.

Disappointed in their object, the party prepared to leave the house. As they were going on towards his habitation, and the storm was over, Mr. Norton agreed to accompany them. Nothing material occurred on the road, and our travellers got safe home about sun rise. Mr. Norton retired to bed; but Edward immediately sought for William, and enquired what news from the host? I saw it again, Sir, said William, when last evening I visited the wood; and I was not firmly convinced of the non-existence of these gentry, I should think it something supernatural; for I gained so much upon it that it was but a few feet before me, when suddenly turning round a bush of alder and privy, it vanished.

Edward replied, that he did not in the least doubt but they would make a discovery shortly, that would explain these mysterious appearances; but advised William to pay no more visits to the haunted wood, until they should be furnished with arms. He then informed him of what had happened to Mr. Norton and himself; after which he repaired to his chamber to refresh himself with sleep, of which he stood in much need.

In a few days Mr. Norton had an opportunity of procuring a quantity of powder and ball, together with two pair of pistols, and several swords. He had lately been prevented from taking his accustomed rides on horseback, by a fear of meeting the robbers; but being now in a condition for defending himself, he resumed his usual exercise, generally accompanied by Edward. One morning going out earlier than common, they extended their ride to a large hill, on other mountain, which lay at a considerable distance, and over which the public road passed. Having gained the summit, they stopped to view the beauties of the surrounding scene. Below their feet, on either side, lay extensive valleys, glistening with dew, over which one part of the hill projected, forming a perpendicular descent of several hundred feet. The deer ran fearlessly along the edge of the precipice, which a human being could not view, even at a distance, without emotions of horror. At an immense distance appeared the Green Mountain, scarcely distinguishable from the azure clouds that floated on the atmosphere; while two country seats, each built on an eminence, were the only intermediate points the eye had to rest on. The whole prospect was wild and romantic, with but little appearance of cultivation. Such scenes, however, affect the contemplative mind more strongly than level plains, crowned with the most luxuriant herbage, or groaning beneath the pressure of the yellow grain ready for the sickle. Here, lost in admiration, Mr. Norton and Edward sat silently on their horses, who were picking the scanty verdure from the edge of the road; when suddenly a report of fire arms awakened them from their reverie. The noise seemed to proceed from but a little distance; and their own recent adventure led them to conclude that some traveller had been assailed by the same robbers who had plundered them, and they determined to assist them. Proceeding therefore with all possible expedition along the road, when wound among the rocks towards the valley, they soon found their conjecture right; the two robbers were attacking a coach; one of them was combating with a gentleman by the side, while the other was assaulting the coachman and footman. When Mr. Norton and Edward made their appearance, the villains made off. But before they reached the coach, the gentleman, weakened by loss of blood, had fallen to the ground. The two servants, neither of whom were hurt, were busy in applying a pocket handkerchief to the principal wound, which was in his

liver. Mr. Norton and Edward alighted, and the former proceeded to examine the wound; when suddenly a scream of joy called their attention to the coach; they turned; it was Mary Bolton! The feelings of Edward may be better imagined than described; he flew to her; and accosting her with the appellation of "my love," tenderly embraced her. This term did not escape the attention of Mr. Norton, who, after slightly speaking to Mary, continued his attention to the unfortunate gentleman. It was now determined they should proceed to Mr. Norton's house; the wounded man with Mary in the coach, Mr. Norton and Edward on horseback, and the servant following. As they went slowly along, Mr. Norton enquired of Mary how she came to be so far from her father's house, and in company with a stranger? But she desired to be excused from giving him satisfaction until they arrived at his house. Edward, as he rode silently by the side of the coach, felt his mind torn by a variety of contending passions—love, jealousy and suspicion, by turns possessed him; he reflected, that his beloved Mary was in a coach with a man whom he had no knowledge of, and he thought for a moment she had changed her affections, and placed them on this unknown stranger; that they would shortly be married, or perhaps were so already. Orlef took possession of his heart, and this was succeeded by rage and indignation against his rival; but these were overcome when he remembered his condition. Again, he would strive to form some plausible conjecture, that might exculpate her; but he could invent no circumstance within the bounds of probability, which satisfied him; and he continued in a maze of uncertainty, until they arrived at Norville, for so had Mr. Norton named his estate. The gentleman was put to bed, and a doctor sent for, who on examining the wound, said it was but trifling, and that in a week or two he could entirely cure him.

Edward having left the house to give some necessary orders about the farm, Mr. Norton took the opportunity of again requesting from Mary an explanation of present appearances. With this request she now cheerfully complied, and gave him a minute account of every circumstance, which proved perfectly satisfactory, as far as it related to herself.

Edward restrained his curiosity till the evening, when he desired Mary to accompany him to a little arbour he had erected on the summit of a hill, back of Mr. Norton's house, and which commanded a view of the whole estate. Here, shaded by the surrounding trees, Mary related to the impatient Edward every thing that had occurred to her since their separation. But before she began she exacted a promise from him, that he would not attempt to revenge any indignities that had been offered her: he gave the promise, though with reluctance, and Mary thus proceeded:

"Soon after you removed to this place,

my dear Edward, finding that the well known scenes which we had often viewed together, served only to heighten the grief your absence occasioned, I prevailed on my father to suffer me to visit my aunt, who is married to a gentleman in this state. After I had been there some time, the person who was with me in the coach arrived. In him I found, that a graceful form and genteel address, served only to cover a most depraved heart : Mr. Randall is an Englishman, in possession of a large fortune, and is making a tour through the United States, and having letters of recommendation from a merchant in Philadelphia to my uncle, was cordially received. He soon began to pay me particular attention, which I returned with a cold civility ; but this, although it mortified his pride, did not deter him from continuing his devoirs. Still I persevered in the same behaviour towards him, which I have since found, determined him to ruin me. Yesterday he proposed to my aunt to take her and myself in his coach to Windsor, in order to see a great curiosity, which he said was to be exhibited there. My aunt having caught a severe cold, of which circumstance Randall was apprised, declined going herself, but observed that I could accompany him. Although this was what he wished for yet he consoled with my aunt on the occasion, declaring he was very much grieved he could not have the honour of her company.

After breakfast we set out alone in the coach ; he soon began to hint in indirect terms, his passion for me ; but not appearing to understand his hints, he told me in plain terms, that he was in love, and could not live without me.

To be continued.

A FRAGMENT.

WHILE one part of mankind are busy in various occupations—while another hurries down the stream of pleasure—while the husbandman toils—while the libertine is busy seeking for those pleasures which his heart is fond of—I, not knowing why, sit here in musing meditation, indulging passive feelings.—I have no substantial evil—I am not a writh of poverty, of shame, or disgrace—yet I feel heart-felt pains. My fancy ranges through various scenes—I see the tenderest bonds of nature broken—I see bright prospects terminate in pain—I see an increase of cares and infirmities—I see youth sink into an untimely grave, while love betrays her heaving sighs. All this makes my feelings alive, and causes me to sympathize in the sorrows of others.—This is no virtue—I cannot but indulge it—it is of real use to myself. It teaches me to know the imbecility of my own nature—it raises my heart to the Author of Nature, from whom cometh every thing good—Some condemn this warmth of feeling, others praise it. Some seem never to have a moment's gloom, while the countenance of others is sad and sorrowful. Pensive ness seems to afford the most agreeable sensations. The soul feels no chilling fears, nor yet does the bosom ache. The mind assumes an agreeable cast, and is filled with sadly pleasing thoughts ; it loves the dark shade and faint light of the solemn scene. The heart expands for all mankind ; and Virtue, even in ruins pleases most ; she receives the dignity of woe. The mind is enamored of solitude, and assumes a melancholy mood.

The tongue of folly condemns this dejection of spirits, while indifference is silent, and the mark of a tear is never seen on her cheek. Such a state of mind has been called affectation ; it has been derided by many ; yet, derided and acute as thou often art, O Sensibility; may I ever be thy child ! May my ear never be deaf to thy voice !—May my tongue ever utter thy language !—Thee I invoke, sweet, friendly Sensibility ! Thou keepeth the soul alive to the most heavenly exertions ; Thou fillest the bosom with those dearest sensations, which none but virtuous minds can ever feel ; Hearts under thy impression vibrate in unison. Let me ever seek thee, and never seek thee in vain !

■ A new Comic Opera has lately been launched in London, called "Two Faces under a Hood," in which there is much excellent music, from Shield ; and some pretty poetry, of which the following is a specimen : Cent.

AIR—Mrs. Dickons.

When gayly peep'd the morning,
To see night's shadow fly,
My drowsy pillow scorning,
With pleasure up rose I.
In sportive glee, passed ev'ry day,
Till one false youth came in my way,
And now I'm left to sigh and say,
Heigho ! heigho !
Why did he come ? why did he go ?

How could I guess that courting
Did danger in a charm ?
No lamb around me sporting,
Thought less than I of harm.
To mirth attuned, my heart was strung,
So high that when my steps and tongue,
Would walk or talk, they danced and sung,
Heigho ! heigho !
Why did he come ? why did he go ?

AIR—Mr. Incledon.

The blast of war may loudly blow,
The note of imitation ;
Yet, valour ! what inspires thy glow,
Like woman's approbation ?
Woman ! without thy dazzling charms,
The world were wrapt in shade ;
Cold were the clarion's call to arms,
And laurel'd wreaths would fade.

Then lovely sex with magic smile,
Still point our hopes, our cares beguile,
While glory, love and duty,
Shall warm,
Alarm,
Inspire,
And fire,
To gain the meed of beauty.

AIR—Mrs. Dickons.

Aid me, Venus, loves and graces,
How to wear two different faces.
Let me borrow, for a while,
Gaiety's triumphant smile ;
Let me, next, with timid sigh,
Scarcely raise my downcast eye,
While my lover, caught by turns,
This way wishes, that way burns,
Thus I'll prove,
The rover's love,
Nor be without some caution won,
To pity's side
Then should he yield,
Thus fairly try'd,
He wins the field,
And possesses two in one.

ODE TO FEAR.

Thou, with feet that lightly tread,
Ears that ev'ry whisper dread,
And telescopic eye,
Panting bosom, hair erect,
Ghastly hues thy face infect,
Thy traces wildly fly.

Goddess, leave me, nor dispense
Here thy hated influence,
Thou poison to content,
For, oh Fear ! when thou art nigh,
All the charms of Pleasure fly,
Her votaries silent.

Now the dismal Night pervades,
Spreading round her horrid shades,
Thy reign despotic grows :
Thou frequentest the church yard haunts,
List'ning to the raven's chatters,
And wind that hollow blows.

While a thousand fairies scream,
And ideal tapers gleam,
Diffusing horror round ;
While a thousand fearful sights,
Ghasty phantoms, wanton sprites,
And hollow moan confound.

Oft in sleep 'tis thy delight
To bewilder Fancy's flight,
And daunt the bravest men,
Who no waking terrors know,
Sleeping fly a fairy foe,
A Richard trembles then !

ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.

A FOOLISH HUSBAND.

Young Ladies,

If you have any regard for your happiness, and view of living comfortable with a husband, any hope of preserving your fortunes, or restoring them after any disaster ; never, Ladies, marry a fool with some other husbands you may be unhappy, but with a fool, you will be miserable ; with another husband you may, I say, be unhappy, but with a fool you must ; nay, if he would, he cannot make you easy ! every thing he does is awkward, every thing he says is so empty, a woman of any sense cannot but be offended, and sick at him many a day ; what is more shocking than for a woman bring a husband she scarcely fellow of a husband in company, and that he's obliged to bluster for his every time you hear him speak ; To hear other Gentlemen talk sense, and be able to say nothing and so look like a fool, or, which is worse, hear him talk nonsense, and be laughed at for a fool.

In the next place, there are so many sorts of fools, such an infinite variety of fools, and so hard it is to know the worst of that kind, that I am obliged to say, no fool, a sober fool, a wise fool, or a silly fool---take any thing but a fool---any, be anything, be even an old maid, the worst of Nature's curses, rather than take up with a fool.

Best Nash's manner of telling a story.

I will tell you something to that purpose, that fancy will make you laugh---A covetous old person, as rich as the devil, scraped a fresh acquaintance with me several years ago at Bath. I knew him when he and I were students at Oxford, where we both studied devilish hard---but that is neither here nor there. Well, very well, I entertained him at my house in John's Court---no, my house is John's court was not built then. But I entertained him with all that the city could afford, the rooms, the music, and every thing in the world. Upon his leaving Bath, he pressed me very hard to return the visit, and desired me to let him have the pleasure of seeing me at his house in Devonshire. About six weeks after I happened to be in that neighbourhood, and was resolved to see my old friend, from whom I expected to receive a warm reception. Well, I knocked at his door, when an old queer creature of a maid opened it, and denied him. I suspected however that he was at home, and going into the parlour, what should I see but the person's legs up the chimney, where he had thrust himself to avoid entertaining me. This was very well. My dear, says I to the maid, it is very cold, extremely cold indeed, and I am afraid I have got a touch of the ague---light me the fire if you please. La sir, says the maid, who was a modest creature to be sure, the chimney smokes monstrously, you would not hear the room for three minutes together. By the greatest good luck, there was a bundle of straw on the hearth, and I called for a candle. The candle came. Well, good woman, says I, since you will not light me a fire, I will light one for myself, and in a moment the straw was in a blaze. This quickly unkennelled the old fox, there he stood, in an old rusty night gown, blessing himself, and looking like---a hem---egad

Riches I get pride, pride impatience, impatience revenge, revenge war, war poverty, poverty humility, humility patience, patience peace, and peace riches.

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, APRIL 2, 1808.

TO THE PUBLIC.

The "NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM," will in future be conducted by the Subscriber, for his own benefit, and that of his *Orphan Brothers and Sisters*. While it was under the management of his Father, the original Proprietor, general satisfaction was given, and its circulation became very extensive; at his death, in 1804, it was continued by his beloved Mother, with increased circulation: but it has pleased Divine Providence to remove her, it naturally devolves on him, as the Elder Son. From his years he presumes too much will not be expected; he therefore will promises, unless he may be allowed to say that whatever may reasonably be expected from a youth of 18, he trusts his friends will not be disappointed in. He has been regularly bred to the business in his Father's Office, and hopes by his attention and close application to his duty he will be enabled to give satisfaction to the patrons of "The Museum," at least by such deavours he will stand the best chance for such consequences.

* * * He takes this opportunity to entreat those Subscribers who are in arrears, to make payment, to enable him to support the Establishment.

CHARLES HARRISON.

City Inspector reports the deaths of 42 persons, when 17 were men, 9 women, 11 boys, 5 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last. Of spilling 1, casualties 2, childbed 1, complication of diseases 1, consumption 8, convulsions 4, debility 1, decay 4, dropsey 8, drowned 1, dentary 2, typhus fever 1, hives 1, inflammation of the lungs 1, inflammation of the bowels 1, inflammation of the brain 1, measles 1, mortification 1, old age 2, rheumatism 1, still-born 1, sudden death 1, syphilis 1, and one of worms.

The case of casualty were a young man and a girl, both of whose deaths were occasioned by their clothes having caught fire.

A duel has been fought at New Orleans between J. G. Gurley, Esq. late attorney general of that territory, and Philip L. Jones, q. in which the former was shot dead the first fire.

Meditated attack upon Gibraltar—Captain of the ship Charleston Packet, who arrived on Wednesday in 38 days from Algiers, informs that a French army was hourly expected to arrive at Gibraltar, of 100,000 men, with Bonaparte in person at their head, lay seige to the Rock.

The following narrative is furnished by master of a vessel from Canton, and was received from a person who was present at the transaction:

August 6, arrived at Macoa the schooner *Java*, of Baltimore, Nichols master, from W. America. At Macoa four of his men were on board his B. M. brig *Diana*, commanded by a Lieut. William Kempthorne, a man who entered informed Kempthorne that the schooner was a pirate; on the strength of this information Kempthorne de-

termined to take possession of her. Nichols attempted to defend her, but was killed in the action, when K. took possession of her, plundered her, and she was afterwards sent to India. Captain N. was not shot dead on the spot, but lived about half an hour, and sent word to Kempthorne that he wished to speak with him before he died, but received for answer, "Let the damn'd Yankee die and be damn'd!" he would not see him—he did not see him, and Nichols died soon after.—Kempthorne would not allow him to be buried on shore, but after letting the body lay in the schooner's forecastle one night, threw it overboard in Macoa roads."

Baltimore American.

English Theatrical.—Among the most popular pieces now performing in London, are the legendary Melo Drama of the "Wood-Demon," by M. G. Lewis; and the "Blind Boy," by Holcroft. The stage-effect of the "Wood-Demon," is said to exceed any thing ever produced upon the London Boards;—and the incident of the "Dumb Boy," which is introduced into it, has wonderful interest. "In the last scene, (says the London Courier,) the destinies of the three principal personages in this cabalistic drama depend on the striking of the clock in the magic cavern, and the agency of the dumb boy, in the critical moment, occasions an almost breathless anxiety and suspense. The whole scene is conducted with the greatest adroitness and impression." At the last date, this mysterious production, conceived in the true spirit of the author of "The Monk," had been performed 67 nights to overflowing houses.

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The following beautiful, solemn, and impressive Hymn, extracted from Carr's Northern Summer, is said to be recited over the dead body of a Russian, previous to its inhumation.

"Oh! what is life? a blossom! a vapour or dew of the morning! Approach and contemplate the grave. Where now is the graceful form? where is youth? where the organs of sight? and where the beauty of complexion?

"What lamentation and wailing, and mourning and struggling, when the soul is separated from the body! Human life seems altogether vanity! a transient shadow; the sleep of error—the unavailing labour of imagined existence—let us therefore fly from every corruption of the world, that we may inherit the kingdom of Heaven.

"Thou mother of the sun that never sets; Parent of God, we beseech thee, intercede with thy divine offspring, that he who hath departed hence, may enjoy repose with the souls of the just. Unblemished Virgin! may he enjoy the eternal inheritance of heaven, in the abodes of the righteous."

JUST PUBLISHED
and for sale by M. Harrison, 3 Peckslip,
THE LAY OF AN IRISH HARP,
OR,
METRICAL FRAGMENTS,
BY MISS OWENSON.

RAGS.
Gauze for Clean Cotton and Linen Raggs
in Oils.

COURT OF HYMEN.

THE mighty power that form'd the mind
One mould for every two designed,
And blend'd the new made pair.

MARRIED,

On Thursday evening, the 17th inst. Mr. George H. Slocum, merchant, of this city, to Miss Jane Millwood, of Brooklyn.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev Dr Miller, Mr Webley Slocum, to Miss Jemima Turnier, both of this city.

At Red Hook on Monday last, Mr Hubert Van Wagener, of this city, merchant, to Miss Mary Wheeler, daughter of Dr William Wheeler, of the former place.

At Philadelphia on the 26th inst by the Rev Dr. Stoughton, Captain Nathaniel Franklin of New York, to Miss Hannah Levering of the Northern Liberties.

At Curracos on the 28th February, Mr Robert Lyle, merchant, of New York, to the widow Dupin daughter of Madam Vauquet, of that place.

MORTALITY.

THAT life is long which answers life's great end.

DIED,

At Albany on Saturday last, after an illness of seven days, John Hicks, Esq.

PEARL AND TORTOISE SHELL SEGAR & SNUFF BOXES.

Just received and for sale at
C. HARRISON'S Book store,
3 Peck Slip.

FRESH TEAS.

MRS. TODD No. 92 Liberty street, has just received by the late arrivals from India, an excellent assortment of fresh Teas of a very superior quality. Imperial, Hyson, Young Hyson, Hyson Skin, Souchong, &c.

ALSO,
Best loaf and lump Sugar, Coffee and Spices.
N B Families supplied with the above articles on moderate terms.

To Landlords and Tenants.

The season for renting Houses is now approaching, the owners of Houses and stores are respectfully informed that books are open at the house register office, 101 Water street, where they can have their property recorded, to let or sell, at the small expence of one dollar each.

The records are always free for the inspection of tenants; and persons wishing to hire or buy all tenements, &c. entered at the Office, will be fairly described, and every information given as to situation, size, convenience, price, &c. Such owners as have tenements, &c. not occupied, and at a distance from their residence, will find their advantage in having the keys at the office, where a person will always be ready to go and shew the premises.

Gentlemen having Country seats or Farms, may have maps, &c. neatly executed by a skilful draughtsman, who has engaged for that purpose, and the maps will be conspicuously arranged in the Office for the inspection of the public. Money will be procured on all mortgages and deposits. Any gentleman, or company, having a surplus capital, may make an advantageous arrangement with the Register office for the use of money, which will always be secured by real estate or deposit of merchandise. Jan 13 1804

CISTERNS.

On the ground complete, warranted
C. ALFORD,
Catawba street, near the Wharf bay.

COURT OF APOLLO.

AN ORIGINAL POEM,

BY ROBERT BLOOMFIELD,

Author of the *Farmer's Boy*, &c. &c.

(From the *Monthly Mirror*.)

MR. EDITOR,

A Young man occasionally calls upon me, who was born deaf and dumb, and who has been educated at the asylum in the Grange road. They have taught him to make shoes, to write, and to speak a few words; and the last time he called here, he announced his intended marriage in the following words—"Five months I will get her she married."

O how can the dumb go a courting,
Or how can the maiden approve?
'Tis easy—while fancy is sporting,
The eyes speak the language of love.

Poor youth! altho' born without hearing,
Benevolence cheers such as you,
And teaches the words most endearing—
"God bless you," and "How do you do?"

From these and the use of your pen,
Though in grammer you're not over nice,
Love can make out your where and your when,
And supply all defects in a trice.

And though you hear not the soft sigh
Of delight, when you press on her cheek,
That loss other joys shall supply:
E'en the turn of a finger can speak.

We all deal in nodding and winking,
And talk through a smile or a frown;
But you, oh whatever you're thinking,
Have a strange set of nods of your own.

This credit of nodding we grant you,
But former specimens prove
That nothing could ever enchant you,
Or light up your features, like love.

For who shall describe the wild glee
That dwelt on your brow while you tarried
O'er that pen, which recorded so free,
"Five months I will get her she married?"

Perhaps she will study your face,
And read all your meanings with ease,
And prove that affection's pure grace,
In despite of all language, can please.

The balance is much on your side—
Should she scold, why who better can bear it?
You may see a child's mouth open'd wide
When it cries—but you never can hear it.

If your heart bounds with pleasure, or bleeds,
Should fortune prove friendly or shy,
No oaths, in your book of misdeeds,
Will stare in your face when you die.

You're right thus to marry, methinks,
While young, though the wise ones have tarried
For me, I'll remember your winks,
And "Five months I will get her she married."

TEETH.

Natural and Artificial Teeth replaced on improved plans, in the very best manner, at moderate prices by J. Greenwood, Artist in the *Line Dental*, No. 14 Victoria street opposite St Paul's Church-yard.

DURABLE INK.

FOR WRITING ON LINEN WITH A PEN,
Which nothing will discharge without destroying
the Linen, for sale at this office.

THE MORALIST.

From the *Norfolk Herald*.

On *Lillo's Tragedy of "George Barnwell,"* performed at the Theatre on Tuesday and Saturday Evenings last.

Ne'er was example better penn'd for youth,
Replete with moral caution and with truth;
Alas! how many Millwoods may be found
In every city and in every town!
With lurking artifice, their constant care
Is inexperienced youngsters to ensnare!
How many youths too, by seduction's art,
We see inticed from virtue to depart;
Even those whose prospects wore the brightest cast,
Till fated by delusion's fatal blast—
Then plung'd in misery through destruction's gate,
Perhaps at last experience Barnwell's fate!
Would such as e'er to see this play have been,
Derive a lesson from the tragic scene,
Restrain licentiousness, their passions smother,
(The scene gives proof one crime begets another)
Defend their hearts against approaching evil,
Consider every Millwood as a devil;
Elude their wiles, and from their snares retreat,
Esteem their practised smiles as vile deceit;
How many might adorn the human race,
Who otherwise run headlong to disgrace?

Z. N.

JEWELRY,

At No. 200 Broadway.

EDWARD ROCKWELL informs his friends and customers, that he has removed from the Park to No. 200 Broadway, where he solicits a continuance of their custom, and flatters himself that his goods, and his attention to his business will fully meet with their approbation.

He has constantly for sale a large assortment of the newest and most fashionable gold ear rings, breast pins, lockets, finger rings, miniature settings, pearl, plain and enamelled, and of every fashion, hair worked necklaces, and gold do bracelets, clasps, chains, watch chains, seals and keys, &c. He has also silver tea sets, table and tea spoons, sugar tongs, plain and ornamental tortoise shell combs, and a variety of articles appropriate to his line of business, which are too numerous to mention: he will sell at the low as price, and will warrant the gold and silver work which are of his own manufactory to be equal to any.

MRS. TODD.

No 92 Liberty-Street, respectfully informs her friends and the public in general, that she has just received, and is now opening an elegant assortment of India and Scotch Muslins, viz.

Fancy gown Patterns
Fine plain, laced and mussook muslins
Worked and dotted mull muslins
Gold and silver worked turbans; kid shoes
Scotch elegant sewed and tamboured moll and leno robes
Fancy short dresses, Fracks
Also, gunpowder, imperial, hyson and souchong teas, of the very best quality.

December 19

THE SUBSCRIBER,

Professor of Lancing and of the French Language Interpreter, Translator, &c. has established his academy at Harmony Hall in Barley, corner of William street, where he exercises his profession.

Pupils for the French Language are attended at such hours of the day or evening as may suit their convenience.

The Dancing School is kept in the afternoon for masters, misses, and such as cannot attend at other times, and in the evening for grown persons of both sexes. The master has it in his power at almost any time of day or evening to attend on Ladies or Gentlemen, who, not having had the opportunity, in early life to acquire the polite accomplishment of dancing, would prefer being instructed in private, rather than at the public school. Ladies and gentlemen desiring it, will be waited upon at their houses.

IGNACE G. FRAISIER

TORTOISE SHELL COMBS

FOR SALE BY

N. SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER
FROM LONDON,
At the Sign of the Golden Rose,
NO 114 BROADWAY

Just received a handsome assortment of Ladies' ornamented Combs of the newest fashion—also Ladies' plain Tortoise Shell Combs of all kinds.

Smith's purified Chymical Ointment Wash Ball far superior to any other for softening beautifying and preserving the skin from chapping, with an agreeable perfume 4 and 8s each.

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouch for travelling, that holds all shaving apparatus complete in small compass.

Odours of Roses for small bottles Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses so known for clearing the skin from seur, pimples, and sunburns, and is very fine for gentlemen's shaving, with printed directions, 3s 4s 8s and bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse for thickening hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey 4s and 8s per pot. Smith's Tooth Paste warranted violet double scented Rose 2s 6d.

Smith's Savoyette Royal Paste for washing skin, making it smooth delicate and fair 4 and 8s per pot, do paste.

Smith's Cymical Dentifrice Tooth Powder for teeth and gums, warranted 2s and 4s per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge for giving a natural colour to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin.

Smith's Chymical Blacking Cakes 1s 6d. Almond powder for the skin 8s per lb.

Smith's Circassia or Antique Oil for curling, singeing and thickening the hair, and preventing it from turning grey 4s per bottle.

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft marmalade 1s per pot or roll. Doled do 2s.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving most beautiful coral red to the lips 2s and 4s per box.

Smith's Lotion for the teeth warranted.

His purified Alpine Shaving Cake made on chemical principles to help the operation of shaving and 1s 6d.

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaster 3s per box.

Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books.

Ladies silk Braces. Elastic worsted and Cotton Garters.

Salt of Lemons for taking out iron mold.

* The best warranted Concave Razors, Edge Razor Straps, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Hair knives, Scissars, Totoise-shell, Ivory and Horn combs, Superfine white starch, Smelling bottles &c.

Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a satisfaction but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration, which is not the case with imported Perfume.

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again January 1, 1808.

Just published, and for sale by
M. HARRISON,

No. 3 Peck-slip,

A NEAT EDITION OF
THE WILD IRISH GIRL;
A National Tale,
BY MISS OWENSON.

JUST PUBLISHED

And for sale at this Office,
THE DISCARDED SON

OR THE

HAUNTS OF THE BANDITI,
by Maria Regina Roche.

EMBROIDERING CHINELLES,
ELEGANTLY ASSORTED SHADES, for
at No. 104 Maiden-lane

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